

Bad Dreams |Stranger Things x Reader x It| by dorkinsas

Series: [Bad Dreams Duology \[1\]](#)

Category: DCU (Comics), IT - Stephen King, Marvel Cinematic Universe, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Blood and Violence, F/M, Fantasy Violence, Gore, Horror, Language, Other Additional Tags to Be Added

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Bill Denbrough & Mike Hanlon & Ben Hanscom & Eddie Kaspbrak & Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier, Loki (Marvel) & Reader, Mike Wheeler/Reader, Richie Tozier/Reader, Stephen Strange & Reader, Will Byers & Dustin Henderson & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers & Eleven | Jane & Dustin Henderson & Maxine Mayfield & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

It was like a bad dream. When seventh grade started, [Y/N] Strange had no idea that her life would ever take this turn. No matter how crazy or weird it was to begin with.

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September 6, 1983

Hawkins, Maine. I have lived in this crackpot town since I was ... well as long as I can remember. And I have been the neighbor of both Richie Tozier and Mike Wheeler since forever ago. When I first got to Hawkins, I was five years old. And my father, Stephen Strange, wanted me away from all the chaos that happens in New York City. So, I was sent to Maine along with Daisy Johnson (everyone here calls her Skye).

Daisy left around my tenth birthday. And since then, I had been living on my own. Okay, not entirely on my own as every so often I get a SHIELD agent to spend like a week or weekend with me here or there. I was twelve now and it was the beginning of seventh grade. I exited my home and hopped onto my bike. I didn't necessarily leave it. Why? Well, you see since the beginning of school I always left with Mike (Richie liked to get there late).

He walked out of the house and I waved to his mom who watched him get on his bike. Richie exited the door making incoherent noises I knew to be cursing. Okay, that's a first. And what's with the side glance? Oh well. Richie got on on his bike and we, the three of us, were off.

"How was New York, [N/N]?" Mike asked.

Yes, I was in New York all summer. "Cool. If you think being saved by Iron Man from a pile of rubble that turned out to be a rock covered hulk cool."

"That sounds so cool!" Richie said.

"That. That is not cool. She could have died, Trashmouth." Mike told him.

"Well, she's still here, ain't she? I say that's one reason your shitty logic is flawed." Richie retorted.

"Boys. Boys. Boys. Everything is fine. It is perfectly one hundred

percent fine." I told them. "I'm alive aren't I? And joining you for the first day of Seventh Grade. So, please, stop arguing with one another."

The rest of the bike ride to the school was quiet. Me and Mike split off from Richie when we saw Lucas, Dustin, and Will. We parked on the bike rack and hopped off.

"What were you two doing with Trashmouth?" asked Lucas.

"Her neighbor. Coincidence I guess." said Mike.

"Really? No hug? No 'how was your summer, [Y/N]? We missed you, [Y/N]?" I said with a hand on my hip.

Lucas rolled his eyes. "How was New York, [Y/N]?"

"She almost died." Mike commented.

"You almost what?!" exclaimed Dustin, Lucas, and Will.

"Apparently, a rock covered hulk almost demolished her, but Iron Man saved her." Mike said.

Why is he suddenly cool about that when not five minutes ago he wasn't?

"What?!" the three of them chorused.

"It's no big deal, you morons. I'm alive aren't I? Well, this is some serious Déjà Vû." I said.

Dustin rolled his eyes. "So, what classes do you have?"

"I have science with all of you before lunch. I know that much. Start with Pre-Algebra, then Honors English, then Honors History, then Science, Lunch, Music, PE."

The boys just stared at me. Blinking once. Then blinking twice.

"What?"

"You share-."

"Not important right now, Will." Mike said, cutting his friend off.

I raised an eyebrow at him. Mike never did that. To anyone, let alone to Will Byers. In our group, Dustin and Lucas were one duo while Mike and Will were the other. I was just the weird girl that held their group together with a weird connection to the Loser's Club. Whenever the four of them had a guys' night (watching Hanna Barbera cartoons while eating popcorn and candy (courtesy of Dustin)), I would go spend some time with the Loser's Club.

I guess I had always been a drifter. And I could not leave that legacy behind me when I went to New York. I drifted through teams in New York. I drifted from the Young Justice team to the Spider Squad before drifting back and forth for an entire summer.

"Did any of you guys hear what happened to the Denbrough family over the summer?" asked Dustin, changing the topic.

"Nada." I said while the boys nodded. "What happened?"

"Georgie went missing in the storm." Dustin explained.

Poor Bill. Wait. A storm? "What kind of storm?"

"People are calling it a Mock Cyclone." Lucas explained. "Strong winds, lots of rain, some flooding, some hail, thunder, lightning."

"There was a chance of tornadoes." Mike continued.

"We were under a watch and we lost power for a little over a week. The flooding didn't go down for almost a week and a half." Dustin explained.

"We were at Mike's doing a campaign when it hit." Will said.

"I have never in my life wanted to get out of your basement as much as I did then." Lucas said, jokingly glaring at Mike.

I laughed at that as me and Mike walked away from the rest of them. We came across the Pre-Algebra classroom to see a line of students. With a lady (I'm guessing that's the teacher) in front of her door with a clipboard in hand and a cart beside her. A cart full of Pre-Algebra

textbooks.

"Well, that's reassuring." I commented.

"Hi, [Y/N]." Beverly Marsh greeted me when we got to the end of the line. I forgot Bev was wicked smart. And by wicked smart, I mean it.

"Eddie's already inside." he's wicked smart too!

I nodded going to stand beside her in line. Mike followed suit.

"Where's everyone else?" I asked her.

"Bill, Ben, and Richie are in History right now. Honors history." Bev explained.

Since when is Richie Tozier in an honors class? I understand Bill and Ben, but Richie? Really? I repeat, since when is Richie Tozier in an honors class? "How?" I asked giving her a look.

She just shrugged her shoulders. "No clue. What's your schedule like, Mike?"

"Same as hers." He pointed to me with his thumb. Wait. What. "Where's Stanley and Hanlon at?"

"English. With Dustin and Will. I feel kind of bad for Lucas, dealing with Richie." I told him.

"I feel bad for you." Bev sighed, directing her statement to Mike.

I knew exactly what she meant by that. Ever since any of us known one another, Mike Wheeler and Richie Tozier have been called by one another's name. It was worse when Richie didn't have glasses (before fourth grade). It still happens, but there is one way to tell them apart. As awful as it sounds, watch an interaction between Henry Bowers, Troy Walsh, and their group of what I like to call the Turd Gang.

One of them calls Mike Frogface while Richie gets called Frogeyes (which is a pun for four eyes, get it??). We had gotten to the front of the line. I told the Math teacher my name, she told me 22 and

handed me a textbook with a lot of loose papers, and I walked on it. Eddie was sitting in the seat diagonally to me labeled 27. Mike came in and talked with Eddie taking the seat in front of him (and beside me).

It was just like that with Dustin, Lucas, and Will and any member of the Loser's club. Why haven't their friends group merged yet?